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bride, Sarah Butterfield of Chelmsford. This fact explains, incidentally, the procedure of the Probate Court in appointing one guardian for the elder children of David Carver (Jonathan, David, and Hannah), and another guardian for Benjamin, the offspring of the second marriage.

It seems proper to place on permanent record the foregoing facts which contribute in however slight degree to the elucidation of the interesting and long-baffling problem of Jonathan Carver's ancestry, which Dr. Browning has solved in such notable fashion in the pages of this magazine for March, 1920.

M. M. QUAIFFE

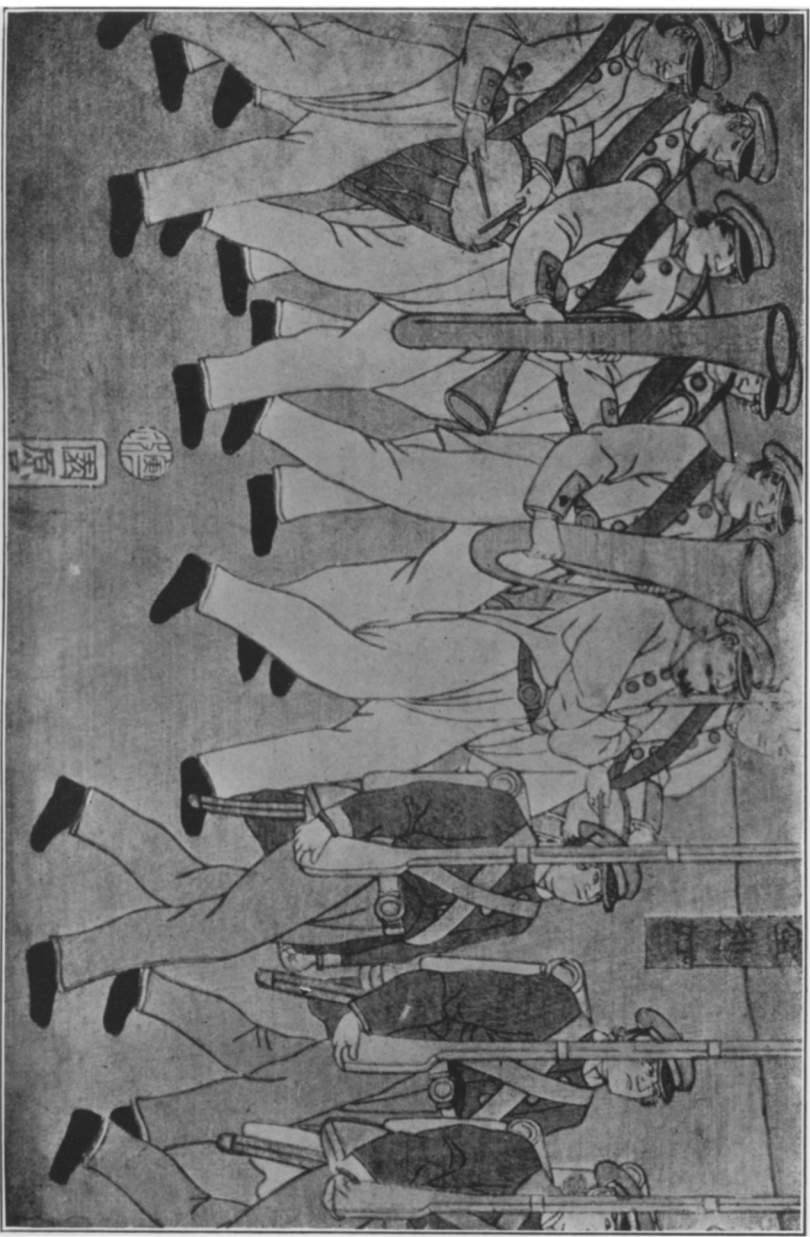
THE UNITED STATES AND JAPAN

Americans ever remember that it was our action that awoke Japan from her age-long slumber behind the seclusion of barred ports. In 1853 Matthew C. Perry, younger brother of the victor of Lake Erie, sailed four ships of war into the forbidden harbor of Tokio and insisted on the reception of an address from the president of the United States to the Mikado of Japan. The island nation was thrown into great excitement and consternation. Thousands of its people thronged the heights of the harbor to view the "black ships" that portended change and confusion. None had ever seen vessels propelled without oars or sails; and the slow, majestic motion of steam vessels seemed to them a sort of foreign magic. After several days of negotiation arrangements were made for the ceremonious reception of the naval commander by representatives of the Japanese government. July 14 Perry went on shore with a full escort of officers, sailors, and marines, marshaled by two brass bands, preceded by ensign bearers of the United States flag. Five thousand Japanese soldiers were drawn up to receive the unbidden strangers. Under a vast tent the government representatives welcomed Perry with great honors and took from his hand the golden casket conveying the message to their emperor.

Somewhere in the mighty crowd that witnessed this ceremony was a Japanese artist who perpetuated his impression of the Americans in a characteristic wood-block print. A copy of this historic relic has recently been presented to our Society by Mr.

Henry E. Knapp of Menomonie. The print is a curious comment on the mingling of the Occident and the Orient. The artistic conception is wholly Japanese, while the artist has caught the characteristic poise and swing of the marching Americans. Not being able to conceive of eyes without a slant, he has given the oriental tilt to that feature of the faces: while the other features are purely Caucasian. The print is a small rectangle about eight by twelve inches in size. On a dim green background stand out eleven figures, three of whom are evidently marines, the remainder members of the band. The uniform of the former comprises bright-blue trousers, reddish blouses, and blue caps. Knapsacks are held in place by pale green straps crossing the blouse, and belts with round brass buckles complete the uniform. Each marine carries his long musket at "shoulder arms," and swings along in a care-free, easy stride so characteristically American that it is amusing. The members of the band wear white trousers and long, pale-blue swallowtail coats, fastened with brass buttons, and completed by a buckled belt. Their caps are the same as those of the marines. The leader, who is the only bearded man (represented with a funny brush mustache and goatee attached artificially to his face) appears to be carrying the staff of a flag. Each of the others has his instrument, long, huge-bellied horns, curving in front of him, with cheeks puffed out in the effort of playing. Two are drummers, and the observer can almost hear the rat-a-tat as the entire group swings along in marching step. Between two of the upright muskets is a cartouche bearing the Japanese characters for the word "America." The artist's name appears at the left.

The print is much more than a cartoon. It is a real work of art. The coloring is harmonious, the soft blacks of the shoes, and the blues, whites, and reds of the uniforms blending into a pleasing whole. Moreover, the sense of life, of martial movement, is wonderfully wrought. More than that, the artist has remarkably caught the spirit of America, the insouciant interest in adventure, the blithe confidence in ourselves, the fling of youthful bravado. With such steps and in such a spirit did our lads fare forth afar in 1917 and 1918. Even as early as 1853 the



COMMODORE PERRY ENTERS TOKIO

keen-eyed Japanese had caught the glimpse of what is seen as "the Americans come."

LOUISE P. KELLOGG

NAPOLEONIC SOLDIERS IN WISCONSIN

How many soldiers who fought for or against Napoleon Bonaparte at Waterloo, or before, are buried in Wisconsin? Doubtless a considerable number. With practically all of Europe having been an armed camp for the better part of a generation, it was inevitable in the emigration following the Napoleonic upheaval that many restless and enterprising spirits should find their way to the Western World with the promise of greater security and lesser prospects of oppression and military impressment. It is a matter of interesting history, of course, that some of the more distinguished refugees, such as Joseph Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon and once king of Spain, and the Murats, nephews of Napoleon, came to this country and lived here for longer or shorter periods; but of the more obscure actors in the great European drama of a century ago hundreds no doubt came here to live permanently. Of such Wisconsin received a share, particularly in the German influx of the forties.

Some of our older citizens still recall as children seeing strolling, crippled veterans from the Old World who went from town to town making their living playing and singing war ballads and rehearsing their recollections of Napoleon and other great captains under whom they had served; while the records of the state prison at Waupun tell of the commitment there as late as 1878 of a prisoner who had been a soldier under Napoleon. From Waterloo to an American prison over sixty years later seems a far cry; and the story of this prisoner as related by himself at the time is a romantic one—one that may be here rehearsed briefly to show the wealth of romantic material that may be lying unsuspected all about us, often in most humble places.

His name was Zumbola Zowasky. He was born in Warsaw, Poland, July 4, 1791. He was evidently of some favored or influential family, for at the age of fifteen he was sent to the military school at Paris by Prince Poniatowski, Napoleon's